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ISSUE 4 COVER CHECKLIST

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Being dead isn't easy–just ask the eight year-old unholy terror Christabella. She was living the good unlife in Silent Hill until her older goth sister Lauryn came to town with a book of spells and made the tiny tormentor of souls a helpless prisoner. Then, suddenly, everything changed. The mist returned, the monsters ran free, and Lauryn was nowhere to be found. Christabella would have been thrilled... except she was alive again, alive and just as vulnerable to the evils of this haunted town as anyone else. And Lauryn's book was sealed up in a room Christabella couldn't get into–unless she had help.

Christabella teams with, then betrays, the madwoman Lenora, a newcomer who has seized control of the town and all its damned souls. Lenora runs a deadly game with Hollywood powerhouse actor Kenneth Carter at its heart. Kenneth has no idea if he has lost his mind and become a killer or if Lenora is trying to make him snap in an effort to drive visions of Silent Hill into the dreaming minds of millions of his fans. Because in nightmares lies great power.

Lenora has trapped Kenneth in the midst of an insane, arcane festival, telling him he must take the life of one of his companions (including the only woman he ever loved) or all three will be slaughtered. Of course, as one of those companions, Christabella just might have other ideas...

Nick Stakal

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KONAMI

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KENNETH, YOU HAVE UNTIL THE CHIMES OF MIDNIGHT. THE FINAL TOLLING OF THE HOUR. THEN YOU HAVE TO MAKE A CHOICE.
B-TONGGG
YOU HAVE TO MURDER ONE. HERE. NOW. OR ALL THREE DIE.
WHICH WILL IT BE, THE MUTT, THE KID, OR THE MYSTERY WOMAN FROM HIS PAST?
B-TONGGG
I'M THINKING... NOT THE KID.
KNOW WHY?
B-TONGGG

THOCK
GOOD THROW! NOTHING LIKE THAT NICE WET MEAT SOUND TO LET YOU KNOW THINGS ARE FINALLY LOOKING UP.

UGHHHH...
OH... FUCK.
THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK.
BUT... YOU ARE THE DEMON WITCH... JEZEBETH, GODDESS... THE ANCIENT ONE. YOU CANNOT DIE. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. IMPOSSIBLE.
DAMN.
WOOF.
IT JUST NEVER QUITE FEELS LIKE ME UNLESS I'VE GOT BLOOD ON MY HANDS.
THE CLOCK STOPPED RINGING. IT'S STUCK AT ONE MINUTE BEFORE MIDNIGHT.
LENORA DOESN'T HAVE CONTROL ANYMORE. THIS PLACE IS GOING TO HELL...
GAHHHRAHHHHHH

NOT DONE WITH THAT PIGSTICKER...
OH. YOU WANT...
...UGH...
...THIS? HEH. A STEALER OF SOULS. NICE... MIGHT HELP IF I HAD A SOUL...
POOP!
HEY, AREN'T YOU FORGETTING SOME-
C-CCAUGHH-BLEHHHHH
THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD. BLEEDING... HEH... INTO MY LUNGS.

STAY, BOY! I'M COMING, I'M—
KEN- NETHHHHH!
CONNIE!
BEAR... GONE. NO...
NOT VERY BRIGHT, YOUR FILTHY ANIMAL. AND AS FOR YOUR BELOVED CONNIE... I MADE HER DO THAT. SHE'S MY PUPPET ON A STRING... THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.
THE FINAL CHIME HASN'T STRUCK. THE CHILD POSTPONED THE HOUR, NOTHING MORE. YOU WILL HAVE TO DECIDE BEFORE ALL IS SAID AND DONE.
AND JUST TO MAKE YOUR SUFFERING THAT MUCH WORSE, I'LL TELL YOU NOW THAT IT WILL BE CONNIE THAT YOU MURDER.

NO. NO MORE OF THIS.
NO MORE KEEPING MY LIFE ON HOLD. NO MORE WAITING.
EVEN *IF* I LET YOU LIVE, I KNOW YOU WOULDN'T HURT CONNIE ANY MORE THAN YOU ALREADY HAVE. YOU *NEED* HER TO GET TO ME.
W-WAIT... *YOU* NEED *ME*. I'M—I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAKE CONNIE WHOLE AGAIN...
THIS IS WHAT YOU *WANTED*. YOUR KILLER. YOUR BLOND-HAIRED, BLUE-EYED, BOY NEXT DOOR—
NO!
OH.
OHHH...
CONNIE... SHE'S GONE!
FIND HER. FIND THEM *ALL*...
KENNETH... IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW FAR YOU RUN. YOU CAN'T *STOP* WHAT'S STARTED. THINGS ARE MOVING QUICKLY, FASTER THAN YOU KNOW...
HERE...

THE WORLD BEYOND.
TELL ME AGAIN. DESCRIBE *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU SAW.
WELL... I MEAN, IT WAS PRETTY—
HORRIFYING, YES. I'VE CONTACTED ONE OF THE BEST CRISIS COUNSELORS IN LOS ANGELES TO SPEAK WITH YOU WHEN WE'RE DONE. PLEASE GO ON.
THE DETECTIVE WAS GETTING HIS GUN OUT.
BUT THE MAN WITH THE AXE, HE WAS TOO FAST.
BLAM
THE KILLER'S FACE. DID YOU SEE IT CLEARLY?
I DID... IT WAS... I KNOW HOW CRAZY THIS SOUNDS, BUT IT WAS THAT GUY FROM ALL THOSE MOVIES, YOU KNOW? THAT BIG STAR, KENNETH CARTER!
HIS HAIR WAS FUNNY, PEROXIDE BLOND OR SOMETHING, BUT IT WAS *HIM*, FOR SURE...
EXCELLENT, MS. MUNROE... NOW, YOU DO UNDERSTAND THAT THE *POLICE* ARE GOING TO BE VERY INTERESTED IN TALKING TO YOU.
THEY WANT TO KNOW WHO MADE THE ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL IMPLICATING MR. CARTER. THEY'LL WANT YOU TO TESTIFY TO WHAT YOU'VE SEEN.
AND THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU CAME TO US FIRST, AND THE PRECISE DETAILS OF OUR FINANCIAL AND CONTRACTUAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR FULL MEDIA RIGHTS TO YOUR STORY.
BECAUSE OF THAT, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL BE SPENDING SOME TIME WITH OUR ATTORNEYS BEFORE WE LET YOU SPEAK WITH THE BOYS IN BLUE. I HOPE THAT'S ALL RIGHT?
YEAH. YEAH, ABSOLUTELY!
GLAD TO HEAR IT. ONE LAST THING. YOU SAW THIS MAN COMMIT A MURDER. PRESUMABLY, HE SAW YOU, TOO. YET YOU'RE STILL ALIVE. DID HE SAY ANYTHING TO YOU?
HE... HE OFFERED ME HIS AUTOGRAPH.
GOD, JESUS, HE SAID HE COULD *SIGN* IT WITH THE COP'S *GUTS*..
I'LL HAVE MY SECRETARY HERE AT WTM MEDIA MAKE SOME CALLS.
THANK YOU, MISTER... I'M SORRY, MY MIND, I GUESS, THE SHOCK...
NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE.
JUST CALL ME...

WHATELY
DAMN, ALL THIS MIST, I CAN'T EVEN SEE WHICH STREET I'M ON. I WISH I KNEW WHO WAS REALLY RUNNING THE SHOW HERE.
IT'S NOT LENORA. SHE'S JUST SOMEONE'S BITCH. AH, FUCK IT. GET TO THE HOUSE, GET LAURYN'S BOOK SOMEHOW, THE OLD PLAN'S OUT THE WINDOW. THEN... YEAH. THEN.
BEING ALIVE, SHIT. FEET HURT. STUPID CHEAP FUNERAL SHOES. STUPID DRESS. OLD AND SMELLY AND STICKY.
IT'S MUGGY OUT HERE. SWEATY. STINKY. I'M SORE. ACHY. TIRED. OUT OF BREATH. NEVER USED TO GET TIRED. NEVER HAD TO SLEEP. THE GHOSTS AROUND ME ARE KILLING EACH OTHER AGAIN.
TEE-HEE-HEE -YIIIEEE
THIRSTY.
HUNGRY. SO FUCKING HUNGRY.
I--OH, CRAP.
LAUGHING BOYS... WE'RE THE LAUGHING BOYS... ROOM... ROOM FOR MORE IN HERE... IN THIS BODY... SLICE YOU UP AND STITCH YOU IN... HEE-HEE-HEE-TEE-HAWR!
OH, PLEASE.
GIBBER-GIBBER-GIBBER.
I GOTTA PEE.
LITTLE GIRL!

MY NAME'S DANIEL. I KNOW SOMEPLACE WE CAN HIDE
CAN GET BLASTED BY ALL THE WARDS AND SPELLS LAURYN MUST'VE LEFT ON THOSE CHAINS. THEN WHEN HE'S BROWNED ON THE INSIDE, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK THE LOCKS NO PROBLEM
YEAH YEAH, I *COULD* USE A LITTLE TIME TO REGROUP. AND MAYBE THIS KID COULD BE MY MULE IN PLACE OF THAT ACTOR GUY
YOU BEEN HERE LONG? NOT SURE HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE. THING'S HAVE BEEN FUNNY IN MY HEAD.
I THINK SOMETHING BAD HAPPENED TO ME. THERE WAS THIS BAD MAN, AND HE HURT ME WORSE'N ANYTHING. THEN
JESUS HE *DIED* HERE LIKE ME
DID THE FUCKER WHO KILLED ME KEEP COMING BACK HERE WITH OTHER KIDS? I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
ALL JAZZED UP
IN HERE

OH, HEY, KID? MAYBE THIS ISN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
FUCK!
LIAR! DIRTY ROTTEN LIAR!
I HAD FRIENDS! I WANTED TO BE A... WHEN I GREW UP, I WANTED TO BE
A MASS MURDERER?
CHRISTABELLA CHRISTABELLA

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU ACTUALLY FELL FOR THAT? DANIEL. MY *MIDDLE NAME.* DOCTOR TROY DANIEL ABERNATHY, PSYCHIATRIST, AT YOUR SERVICE. HUH. YOU KILL SOMEONE, AND YOU NEVER EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK AT THEIR DRIVER'S LICENSE. I SWEAR...
SHIT! DAMMIT!
SUCH LANGUAGE, MY SWEET LITTLE CHARGE... I MAY HAVE TO GIVE YOU A *SPANKING.*
OR MAYBE I'LL JUST *GUT* YOU LIKE A *FISH.*

I'VE BEEN SEARCHING. DON'T KNOW HOW LONG. CAN'T FIND *ANY* OF THEM. CONNIE. BEAR. THE GIRL.
I JUST KEEP FINDING HORRORS
KIND OF BEAUTY? WHAT I BELIEVED WAS TRUTH?
OF THIS. AND I *WON'T* BE
HIS HOUSE. I KNOW THIS PLACE. FROM IKE'S PAINTINGS. FROM MY DREAMS
HOUSE. WHERE SHE KEEPS THE BOOK CHRISABELLA'S SO ANXIOUS TO GET HER HANDS ON.
I GO INSIDE CAUTIOUSLY BUT THE WHOLE TIME
WATCHED.
HEY, KENNETH...

REMEMBER ME? YOU SHOULD. I WAS YOUR G RLFRIEND. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP YOU FROM PUTTING AN AXE IN MY FACE BACK IN OUR MANSION IN BEVERLY HILLS.
JESSICA... THAT WASN'T ME.
THE GUY THAT KILLED ME? SURE LOOKED LIKE YOU. SMELLED LIKE YOU BUT OKAY. YOU'RE ALL INNOCENT AND SHIT SO WHY IS IT, YOU THINK, YOU NEVER ONCE SHED A TEAR FOR ME?
I DIDN'T BELIEVE... I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S REAL
RIGHT YOU DON'T.
COME ON. LET'S MAKE T OFFICIAL THIS TIME. SEAL THE DEAL. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO...
...TAKE THE AXE. TAKE IT IN YOUR HANDS LIKE A BIG BOY...

"...AND KILL ME AGAIN."
WHAT... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
AH, YES OF COURSE. FEIGNING *FEAR*. STALLING FOR TIME WHILE YOU ATTEMPT TO GATHER YOUR POWER AND SO YOU CAN BURN ME AGAIN.
ALL RIGHT. I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR THIS TIME DUE TO THE EFFORTS OF THAT WITCH LENORA, SO I'LL PLAY ALONG.
THIS IS MY LITTLE HOME AWAY FROM HOME USED TO BE MY OFFICE. I JAZZED IT UP, YOU MIGHT SAY MADE IT SOMEWHERE I COULD REALLY UNWIND...
YOUR USUAL, DR. ABERNATHY *JUST* THE WAY YOU LIKE IT.
OOH!
SMACK
YOU WICKED, WICKED MAN I MAY NEED *TREATMENT* FOR THAT. YOU KNOW. . *LATER*.
WE'LL SEE, DOLL WE'LL SEE.
THERE *THERE*, I HAVE IT NOW. LISTENED TO ALL OF YOUR SHIT THAT I'M ABOUT TO. NOW I'M GONNA—
AW, CRAP... IT'S NOT WORKING. LENORA. SHE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO ME!
LENORA, YOU BITCH, YOU SET ME UP. .
YES, I THINK I CAUTIONED YOU ABOUT THAT. SO WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHILD? I SAY IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT WE SETTLED DOWN FOR SOME *SERIOUS* THERAPY

"YOU BITCH"
COME HERE, BOY THAT'S RIGHT. LOOK AT WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU SOME NICE BEEF JERKY
YES, YES YES...
WHAT THE--? YOU, YOU
YOU MOTHERFUCKING SON OF A WHORE PIG SHITTING NO COCK LITTLE--I'LL KILL YOU. PEE ON MY FUCKING BOOTS, I'LL KILL YOU--
R-WFFFF
NOTHING PERSONAL MUTT BUT SLITTING YOUR THROAT WILL LIMIT YOUR MASTER'S OPTIONS AND WITH TIME RUNNING OUT IT'S SURE TO SEND HIM--
AHHH!
COME BACK, YOU LITTLE FUCK! BRING THAT BACK TO ME RIGHT NOW! COME BACK!
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE LOSS OF THE BLADE, LENORA
NOT NOW, WHEN THERE ARE FAR WEIGHTIER ISSUES AT HAND SUCH AS WHETHER YOU LIVE..

THAT'S RIGHT, KENNETH. RUN AWAY. DO EXACTLY WHAT YOU ALWAYS DO WHEN EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED IS RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!
YOU WANT TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS? MY FINE FUCKING DEAD ASS YOU DO!
YOU'RE NOT REAL, JESSICA. I DIDN'T KILL YOU.
NOW THAT'S A CONTRADICTION.
IF SHE'S NOT REAL, THEN HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE KILLED HER BACK IN THE WORLD?
I'M DETECTIVE HASSEL, MR. CARTER. THE ONE YOU USED YOUR AXE ON IN THE PARKING GARAGE. IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO FACE FACTS. YOU MURDERED JESSICA. KILLED ME AND MY BUDDY HERE, TOO.
YOUR BRAIN CAN'T COPE WITH THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE, SO IT'S MADE UP THIS FANTASY FOR YOU. LETS YOU ESCAPE FROM REALITY INTO THE WORLD OF THOSE PAINTINGS YOU BOUGHT. WHAT YOU SEE ALL AROUND YOU? YOU'RE RIGHT. IT ISN'T REAL.
YEAH, COME ON, I'M A TALKING SEVERED HEAD. HOW REAL COULD THAT BE?
THOUGH THE TV SERIES RIGHTS TO SUCH A THING COULD BRING IN A FORTUNE.
I DIDN'T HURT ANYONE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME DO, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN. I KNOW THE TRUTH.
TRUTH'S WHAT YOU'RE AFTER, MR. CARTER? I WAS A DETECTIVE BEFORE YOU BUTCHERED ME. I CAN RELATE.
THE TRUTH IS YOU CAN'T DENY YOUR NATURE. KILLING IS IN YOUR BLOOD. YOU LOVE THE FEEL OF IT. THE FEAR IN YOUR VICTIM'S EYES. THE CONTROL IT GIVES YOU.
NOW STOP FUCKING AROUND. USE THAT AXE. USE IT ON US. YOU NEVER KNOW WHO WE MIGHT BE IN THE REAL WORLD. PROBABLY SOME MORE COPS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU IN THE HEAD. COME ON, WE'RE DOING YOU A FAVOR, SAVING YOUR LIFE. PROBABLY. TAKE A GOOD SWING.
NO! AT ME, DAMMIT. NOT THE CHAINS!

WAIT! WE CAN GIVE YOU ANSWERS. UM.. YOUR **PARENTS**. WHO THEY REALLY WERE. WHAT LENORA DID WITH CONNIE'S SOUL....
HE'S NOT BUYING IT
BASTARD BASTARD! YOU OWE US!
AND YOU WERE A SHITTY LAY!
OUT. FOR
REASON, THEY DON'T CROSS THE THRESHOLD INTO THIS ROOM
N'T FIND THE BOOK.
WAIT
NIETZSCHE.
BLUE-EYED, BOY NEXT DOOR, AN AXE IN ONE HAND, NIETZSCHE IN THE OTHER...
THE ONE THING WITH ENOUGH POWER TO MAKE EVERYTHING RIGHT.
THE BIG BAD **BOOK**. WELL, NOW YOU'VE GOT IT, ALL RIGHT. **MAYBE** IT WOULD HELP IF YOU HAD SOMEONE AROUND WHO COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO USE IT.

WHAT, YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO ME, BOY? HOW ABOUT WE START WITH
H DAD' NICE TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL TH S TIME
JUST *WAIT* TILL I TELL YOUR MOM ABOUT TH S

YOU MURDERED ME, GIRL. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO DIE THE FIRST TIME? NOT PLEASANT.
OWWWW-AIIIGGGHH!
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY FOR YOU, *BRAT.* I'VE HAD A LONG TIME TO THINK ABOUT THE PAIN I WOULD VISIT UPON YOU IF I HAD THE CHANCE.
AND HERE IT IS. *HAPPY DAY.*
YOU WERE PROBABLY *HOPING* TO DIE AGAIN. AT A TIME AND PLACE AND IN A MANNER OF YOUR CHOOSING, WITH THE HELP OF THE BOOK. IMAGINING THAT WOULD RESTORE YOU TO ALL YOU HAD BEEN.
HEH. SO MUCH FOR YOUR NOBLE SACRIFICE, HUH, DOC? REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID? GIVING YOUR LIFE SO YOUR PATIENT LYNN COULD GO FREE? WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU, ANYWAY?
THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO *YOU,* OF COURSE, WHEN THE *WOMAN IN THE ROOM* TRIED TO TAKE PITY ON YOU.
HUH?
...
YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU HONESTLY DON'T *KNOW* WHAT YOU ARE, HOW YOU CAME BACK? HOW *SHE* GOT TO YOUR SISTER LAURYN BECAUSE OF YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE... AND WHY?

LOVELY... THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH *WORSE* ON YOU THAN I EVER COULD HAVE IMAGINED. FIRST, I'M GOING TO—
I WOULDN'T, IF I WERE YOU...

THE EMPTY VESSEL... HAS BEEN *FILLED.*

WHATELY... LORD. YOUR SERVANT IS *DYING*. I AM DYING.
GIVE ME THE POWER THAT I MAY FINISH WHAT WAS STARTED IN YOUR NAME.
LENORA. YOU HAVE PROVED MUCH TO US.
IT IS CLEAR THAT YOU ARE DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE. THAT YOU ARE A FORMIDABLE SOLDIER. THAT YOU WOULD GO TO *ANY LENGTHS* TO SEE WHAT YOU BELIEVE IN COME TO PASS.
YES, LORD... I WOULD DO... *ANYTHING*.
GIVING YOU WHAT YOU ASK FOR WOULD MEAN ACCESS TO THE VERY CORE OF OUR BEING. POWER OVER US IN THIS INCARNATION. AND IN ALL INCARNATIONS THAT HAVE COME BEFORE, AND THOSE THAT *WILL* MANIFEST IN THE FUTURE.
I WOULD *NEVER* DO ANYTHING TO HARM YOU, LORD...
OH, "LENORA" WOULDN'T TRY TO DESTROY US. I'M AWARE OF THAT. I'M AWARE OF *MANY* THINGS...

LAURYN.
TO BE CONCLUDED.